Did You Have Your Fun?

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Did You Have Your Fun?

by MissLuluBee, x_meiko_rose_x

Summary

A brief interlude where Demetri and Valentin finally allow themselves to admit their true feelings.

After receiving a picture message from Demetrius doing unspeakable things on his brand new bed, both alone and with one of the goons, Val's impeccable self restraint finally snaps.

Notes

This is based on an RP between myself and a friend, it is unbeta'd and all mistakes are our own.

Comments are love! We'll be updating again very soon.

This is the image Demetrius sent to Val. WARNING very NSFW!!
https://78.media.tumblr.com/f4ec041703c3599aa49252d96b684d80/tumblr_inline_okpwwhfY541uajag8_540.png

Bed Breakingly Good

Demetri chuckled to himself as he spread out on the bed and closed his eyes, waiting for the inevitable. There were four broken slats underneath him so the mattress was sagging. He'd had a shower and changed the sheets but Gregor's distinctive scent (or stink) still filled the room.

Honestly the man was disgusting, fat and seriously lacked personal hygiene, but Dem had been desperate and he'd been the only henchman around who didn't know Valentin so didn't know how dangerous it was to cross him. The younger man had near enough bleached his body and burned the sheets the moment he was free of him. It'd all be worth it though if it did what he was hoping.

He cracked his back and turned to watch the porn still playing on his laptop, the man on screen looked like a poor man's version of Val and it was making Demi more than a little impatient. He wanted the older man. Wanted more than just sex and that was the part he was unsure about - did Valentine realise that? It wasn't that he expected them to be totally exclusive, honestly that didn't hold any appeal for either of them, but maybe limit their conquests to just those residing on the top floor? He certainly wouldn't be opposed to that.

Valentin sat at the bar in the front room, having claimed one of the bottles of vodka from the shelves for his own and steadily drank over half of in the time it took for Demetri to finally reply back to him. He sat seething at the bar for a long while afterwards too, he'd spent over half of Dem's life being the silent guardian who always watched over him when Hannibal didn't have enough pairs of eyes or time to do it himself and now here he was working up the courage to fuck the younger male into full submission, having spent the last few days desperately trying to convince himself that it was wrong to be thinking about doing just that.

With a deep sigh, Val took another long swig from the bottle before leaving it, heading back out into the hall and making his way to his bedroom. He stood for a second with his hand on the door knob before finally turning it and pushing the door open to take in the sight that awaited him, Demetrius spread out and waiting for him, just as he'd demanded, "Good. I see you can follow instruction after all." He drawled, stepping inside just far enough to be able to close and lock the door behind him so he could step further into the room, fingers deftly unbuttoning his dress shirt to expose his full torso.

"You have been a very very naughty boy, Demetrius." Val stopped at the side of the bed, smirking down at the younger male, the delight at having such a well presented gift waiting for him making his eyes appear more blue than usual, "Just what are we to do about that?" He chuckled, climbing up on the bed as he slid his shirt from his shoulders then grabbed Demetri's wrists pinning them up on the pillow next to his head firmly, "Stay there if you know what's good for you." He growled down at the male, reaching into his nightstand for a pair of handcuffs.

Demetrius' eyes widened as the door was closed and locked, he sat up and watched as the older man stripped his chest, licking his lips. He was suddenly slightly nervous, he'd had

plenty of experience himself but it was nothing compared to Val's conquests.

He raised an eyebrow as he was pinned to the bed, "Think you've got me confused with the brat.." He chuckled, "I ain't no sub… Not that I'm opposed to the kinky shit, just don't expect me to mewl under you like him." He surged upwards to kiss the Viking, biting his lip hard enough to cause pain and pulling it towards him before letting go, "About time you realised I'm not a kid."

Arching an eyebrow at the younger male's bold actions, Valentin's right hand gripped Demetri's jaw to push him back down against the pillows without having to look away from the nightstand, even as he ran his tongue over his blooded lip, "I never said you were a sub, I'm simply getting you back for ruining my brand new bed with the stink of a pig." He purred, withdrawing a pair of police issue handcuffs from his drawer, cuffing one wrist to the bed and then the other, making sure the younger male was completely secure before he straddled his body.

"I've realised plenty, Demetrius. It's about time you realise that what you're getting into is some serious shit." As he spoke, Val mouthed his way down Dem's chest, dragging teeth over healing bruises and old scars, "You're a beautiful man, Demetri… I plan to ruin that by the time I'm finished, and begging will get you no where, but I do so love to hear it." Grinning up at the younger male, Val suddenly shifted back and sucked Demi's length all the way into his mouth until the tip hit the back of his throat, only to pull off again before he could get to used to it, continuing his exploration of the male's body.

The younger male nodded quickly as he was cuffed - the only time he'd ever been cuffed before had been when he was eighteen, the one time he'd ever been taken in by the Police. He still wasn't sure how he'd gotten away with no charges but he pretty sure that Hann and Val had paid the Police off, "Memories." He chuckled.

Demetrius gasped as Valentin's hot mouth engulfed his length, his fingers clenched within their confines as he desperately tried not to thrust upwards and choke the man, "F-Fuck that's good… No… hey…" He whined as the heat was taken away, "C'mon man, don't be a prick tease…"

Val looked up at Demtetri with a smirk, his eyebrows raised at the memory, "Yes.. You wouldn't believe how much self restraint I've had for years over you, Demetrius." He chuckled, gripping a hold of both the younger male's thighs to push his legs up and back, "Stay there." He commanded, laying down between his legs to run the tip of his tongue along Dem's inner thighs.

Grabbing a hold of the male's hips, Valentin grinned ferally up at the other male, "You should know by now, Demetri… I've always been a prick tease." He laughed softly, running his tongue around the younger male's entrance, groaning happily to himself to find he didn't reek of Gregor -who he'd have to get permission to kill by the end of the day. "I've seen you looking at me for years, while I wasn't prepared to give you what you want I did give you plenty to pleasure yourself with; My constantly being naked, that increased tenfold when I realised you had your eyes on me, not that Tabitha or Hannibal minded of course." He ran his free index finger around the ring of muscle, running his tongue across his lower lip, "But now, now you've pissed me off and shown me exactly what I've been missing all these

years… So I'm going to take my fill, and I'll do it as slow or as fast as I want to. Do you understand me?" As he asked the question, Val's finger breached Demetri's entrance, slowly curling within him.

Demetri let out a low, guttural moan, his built body writhing beneath the older man as his hips bucked upwards sharply, hissing as his rock hard length hit Valentin's solid collar bone, "I f-fucking hate you, 'Uncle'." He chuckled, his head dropping back against his pillows as his hole twitched around the fingers teasing it - desperate for the intrusion it was promised.

He yelped as he was given what he'd been begging for, pressing back against the rough finger. He saw stars as the digit curled inside him, just barely brushing against the bundle of nerves inside him that most of the goons he slept with never even managed to find.

"You wish that were true, Demetrius." Valentin laughed softly, kissing the inside of the younger male's inner thighs before dragging his teeth over the sensitive skin and moving away to slowly run the tip of his tongue around his stretched entrance around his finger, "I can see that you rather like me, 'nephew'." Raising his eyebrows, the older male licked a long stripe along Dem's cock at the same time he curled his fingers even further, giving a decent amount of pressure to the sensitive spot he couldn't miss before withdrawing his fingers to sit up suddenly.

Val grinned down at the bodyguard, only breaking eye contact long enough to pull his shirt over his head and tossed it over his shoulder, "I expect you to stay where I've put you, do you understand me, Demetrius?" He questioned with a firm palm on Demetri's thigh as he stood at the side of the bed to slowly - tortuously - unbuckle his belt and unbutton his jeans, never once taking his eyes from the other, "I'm going to take a wild guess that you've never really been satisfied in bed.. Sure, you get to come, work up a sweat but it's not the same. You're so *responsive* to my touch, I can't imagine the sounds I'll pull from you."

Demetrius' eyes narrowed and he opened his mouth to argue, not liking being told what to do. There was only room for one submissive in his penthouse and it certainly wasn't him. Any protests died on his lips as he watched the elder, gorgeous male unbuckling his belt. His mouth snapped shut and he scowled up at his "uncle", raising an eyebrow as he took his time, "This isn't a damn lap dance, get a fucking move on."

Giving Demetri an annoyed look, Valentin shed the rest of his clothes and hopped back up on the bed to grip both of the younger male's calves and threw them over his shoulders, "You're right, this isn't a lap dance, but you should keep that idea in mind for another time." With a wink, Val slicked up his impressive length and thrust home to the hilt.

The second he bottomed out, the older male disentangled an arm from Dem's leg to cup his cheek and kissed him deeply, nipping and sucking on his lip as his hips began to roll, not giving the other a second to adjust as he angled the bodyguard's hips up so each thrust either hit his prostate straight on or teasingly grazed against it.

Demitrius groaned, his back arching off the bed as he was finally filled by someone who knew what they were fucking doing. He'd had plenty of sex in the past few years, and he

wasn't picky about gender, but no one had satisfied him. It had frustrated him more than pleasured him.

The moment the lust filled fog cleared he tensed and froze, there was something he needed to clear up before he could go any further. Hesitantly he placed a hand on the elder male's chest, "Val." He said clearly, "Stop for a minute… Please?" He trusted Valentin completely, knew that the moment he heard his serious tone he'd stop what he was doing, however hard, "Just… for a minute?"

Building up his speed, Val's length struck his target on each thrust and he slowly began to lose himself in the sensation, only to be shocked back into reality by the hand on his chest. Stopping abruptly mid-thrust, the viking pulled his head back to meet the younger's dark eyes with his own full of concern, "What is it, Demetri?" He asked, chest rapidly rising and falling from the previous exertion, "Did I hurt you? I'm sorry, I get carried away.."

Demetri shook his head, panting softly as he reconsidered and nodded, "No… I mean yeah but I love it so no worries." He groaned in frustration and dropped his head back against the pillows, "I'm probably the most stupid prick on the planet to risk ruining this when I finally got you where I want you but… I needed us to be on the same page." He fell silent for a while as he considered his words, trying not to focus on the large member filling him but instead on his thoughts. He pushed himself up as much as he could to meet Valentin's eyes, "I ain't no one night stand, Val. You gotta know that going in. If we're gonna do this then we're doing it.. We're giving it a real shot. Anyone in his penthouse is fair game but other than that… You gotta stop fucking around. I will too… But if we carry this on it's for keeps. Can you deal with that?"

Val hovered uncertainly over Demetri's form, using his immense self control to keep absolutely still while he focused his attention on the younger male's words. Remaining silent for a moment when Demi finished speaking to measure his words carefully, Valentin slowly lowered each of the other's legs down from his shoulders to wrap around his waist, "If I wasn't willing to cut my usual shit out, do you really think I'd be in here right now?" He questioned with a slight arch of his eyebrow, ducking down to lick a long stripe along his lover's neck, "Now we've got that out in the open, can I go back to giving you the best fuck of your life?"

Demetri let out a loud laugh, genuinely happy for the first time in years. he locked his ankles and drew the older man in closer, "Go for it. Bet ya I can hold out longer than you can though, Old Man. Bet ya need a little blue pill just to get it up these days." Goading Valentin was just too much fun, he rolled his hips teasingly, "Sluts at the club are gonna be heartbroken, lost both our business in one night."

Valentin's usually unseen smile that lit up his eyes crept across his features, his hand griping the younger male's jaw to guide their lips back together, "You fucking wish, I'm just as virile as the boss and he's older than god." With a chuckle, the lieutenant ran his finger over where the cuffs hung against the headboard, "When did you learn to pick cuffs? You spoil my fun." With a mock pout, quickly replaced by a grin, Val gripped Dem's hips tighter to angle him correctly then resumed his relentless assault on the bodyguard's prostate, "Sluts at the club could never give you what I can, never gave me what I really wanted either." A groan

bubbled forth from his lips as the far more experienced lover rolled his hips on each thrust and included a rotation on each withdrawal, “No more fucking the sweaty pigs downstairs, no reaction from me is worth that. Ever.” He stated firmly, “Do we understand each other?”

“Comes in handy.” The lithe young man shrugged, smirking, “Didn’t even notice me do it either, I keep telling you… I’ve got skills you ain’t ever even dreamed of.” He yelped loudly as his lover found his prostate once more, unable to do anything but meet his thrusts for a while, feeling pleasure like he’d never felt it before, “You got that right.” He muttered once he could finally concentrate on Valentin’s words once again, “They’re fucking disgusting. Like having a pig’s carcass draped over me… smells about as bad too.” Dem shuddered before grinning cockily, “Did the job though.” He shuddered violently, “F-Fuck I’m close…”

“I’ll bet, remind me to test your other skills at a later time..” Val grinned again, pulling Dem’s head down to kiss him deeply, refusing to give him a chance to react before pulling away at the younger male’s yelp, “Oh really? Doesn’t seem to me like they had any idea what they were doing with you. Such a shame..”

Valentin’s thrusts increased in pace, the sound of slick skin hitting skin filled the room and echoed around them as the bed groaned under the effort and started to bang against the wall with each thrust, “Good, come for me Metri… I’m not finished with you yet.” Val slammed to the hilt just as he pulled his lover’s hips flush against his own then changed his tactics, making small deep thrusts to Demetri’s prostate.

Demetrius came with a shout, his come feeling boiling on his sweating skin, “Fuck…” He whimpered, writhing underneath the strong body on top of him as Valentin continued to thrust into him, his nerves over sensitive as he was coaxed closer and closer to a second orgasm that he barely had the energy for, “W-When you’re done can we go kill Gregor? Hann wouldn’t mind… he’s fucking useless anyway.”

As soon as Demetri came, Val flipped the two of them over, gripping his lover’s hips so tight he was sure he’d be bruised later and continued his relentless fucking into the younger male, “I considered asking for permission, but if he’s really that useless there’s no point.” He groaned, thrusting through Dem’s clenching muscles, “But that fucker’s gonna die, mostly for fucking you but he broke my new bed too..”

Feeling his own orgasm starting to build, the viking sat up, one hand splayed firmly across the bodyguard’s back to keep him steady with the change of angle, “I’m gonna come.. I want you to come with me, Demi.” He gasped, biting his bedmate’s still bruised jaw then capturing his mouth in a vicious kiss, each thrust becoming more erratic than the last until finally he came with a cry and buried himself as deep into the younger male as he possibly could.

Demetri yelped as he was manhandled, groaning at the change of angle. The sex was now on the verge between pain and pleasure and he was so close to the edge. Whimpering and cursing the fact he sounded like Will of all people, he came hard, the second orgasm taking all his energy from him as he collapsed onto the sticky bedding, “That was bloody amazing…” He mumbled into the soft pillow, “And I have some money saved… I’ll buy *us* a new bed. Might even invest in memory foam if you treat me right.”

Val flopped back onto the bed with a groan, struggling to catch his breath, he turned to face Demetri with a grin, “Told you, you haven’t had nothing ‘til you’ve had me.” He chuckled, rolling over onto his stomach to press light kisses along the younger male’s body, hands roaming along muscular thighs, “Aw, you’re so sweet. You think you’re the one in charge.”

The older male slowly pushed two fingers into Dem’s entrance, easily finding and pressing against his oversensitive prostate, “I’m more than willing to fight for it though, gotta keep it interesting.” He breathed, lips whispering against D’s neck, “Skip the foam, that’s a death sentence for sex, not enough bounce to make it worthwhile. Get something nice with an even bounce and firmness, I like a little resistance when I fuck you into the mattress.”

“Why can’’t we just both be in charge?” Demetri muttered, nipping at Val’s lip, “Take it in turns? Neither one of us is submissive, let’s just keep it that way.” He groaned as fingers were inserted into him, “Noted. Now leave me alone while I recover.”

Val hummed thoughtfully, shrugging a little, “I might consider it..” He chuckled, giving an extra wiggle of his fingers before removing them again to roll onto his back, pressing whisper soft kisses along any skin he could reach, "Rest lover, you'll need your strength later."

Disposing Of Loose Ends

Chapter by MissLuluBee

Chapter Summary

Shortly after Demetrius and Val come to their arrangement, they decide that Gregor must be dealt with sooner rather than later.

Hannibal is more than accommodating with their request, he only has one condition; They must take Will with them.

Chapter Notes

I know what you're thinking, 2 updates in a day? what's the occasion? Nothing, we just love our fans and know it's been a long time since the last update.

As per usual, this is unbeta'd all mistake are our own. Please let us know if you're enjoying our work. Comments are love.

Enjoy!

“Is it safe to come in yet?” Will’s voice sounded from the door, “Next time you decide to let the unwashed gits from downstairs into our floor can you let me know so I can open all the windows?” He smirked, leaning in the doorway and watching the two naked men on the broken bed, “You two finally got your heads out of your asses and fucked then? Daddy owes me $200, he had tomorrow in the polls.”

Val, having just started to doze of, lifted his head to look up as the bedroom door opened. He let out a huff of laughter before answering, “It’s safe enough, I’ll need at least five minutes recovery time before I’m ready to go again.” He winked, slinging an arm behind his head, “Already told him off about it, he’ll be taken care of too. I don’t want any of those pigs thinking they can come up here any time they want a booty call.”

Tabitha appeared in the door way for a second to glare at the two males on the bed over Will’s shoulder, “You two couldn’t have done this yesterday? I lost out on the perfect pair of heels Daddy promised me if I won. Assholes.” With that she vanished again from sight, spraying air freshener behind her

Rolling his eyes, the viking closed his eyes for a second, trying not to despair about his insane family, “Why is everything around here up for a bet? Next it’ll be how many times I jerk off a day.”

“Two if you’re getting enough sex, five if not. You’re predictable, Valentin.” Hannibal smirked, holding two hundreds out over Will’s shoulder, “I heard them from the second floor, thought it best to settle the debt.” Looking up at the males in the bedroom, Hann glanced at his watch, “I have no need for either of you for the next three hours, and I just sent Gregor on an errand downtown. Take whatever you want from the red room and make it worth it. It’s going to take weeks to get the stink out of here.” The older male turned to leave then stopped, “Take Will with you, he needs some field experience.”

Will beamed, tucking the money into the pocket of the sinfully tight leather pants Tabitha had bribed him into and rocking on the balls of his feet. The idea of being allowed out on a proper job without his Daddy or Mistress was amazing. Demetri would let him get away with anything, there’d only be Valentin being a protective asshole and he could deal with one of them, “Awesome! Let’s go.”

Demetri groaned, falling back on the pillows and sounding like a teenager who’d just been told he had to take his kid brother on a date with him, “Fiiiine but if he fucks this up I’ll kill him. Give us five minutes to get dressed.”

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Ten minutes later Will was curled in the front seat beaming - he’d kicked Demetri in the balls to beat him to it and he was feeling particularly smug. The submissive twirled the handgun he’d grabbed from the red room around and looked between the two other men in the car, “So… What’s the plan?”

Val climbed into the drivers seat of the gloss black suv with blacked out windows and turned to see Demetri getting into the back seat, “You really should have seen that kick coming, it was written all over his face.” He offered as sympathetically as he could muster, “Take it out on the pig when we get there.” The blonde beamed, starting up the engine and throwing the car into gear to peel away from the kerb, “The plan is we find how far the asshole got, send Dem in to make him think he got lucky, then we beat him and shoot him. Pretty simple.”

Once they were on a straight road, Valentine leaned over to the glove box and pulled out a set of steel knuckle dusters, clearly old and very well used, “These were a gift from Hannibal years ago, made from traditional Scandinavian metal. They’re yours for the job, don’t lose them.” He added with a half smile, “I’m good bare knuckled for this one.”

“Awesome…” Will breathed, stroking the metal reverently as he slipped them over his hand and closed his fist, giving a couple of practice jabs to get used to the weight.

As they drove to the outskirts of town, Demetri watched out of the window as the buildings became more and more rundown. He hummed softly as they neared their destination then suddenly froze, his blood turning to ice as every sense he had went on red alert. There was a man leaning in a doorway smoking just ahead of them, he was around Valentin’s age, tall and

pale with short pale blonde hair and sharp eyes. It had been years since Metri had seen him in person but he was forever etched in his memory. Silas. Darko's right hand man. He hadn't spotted them yet and it was obvious he was out for a break rather than being on patrol but one thing was for sure - if Silas was there then Darko wouldn't be far away. "Val." He snapped, "Five to twelve, look."

Smiling with something akin to pride, Val simply gave the younger male a ruffle to the hair without messing it up too badly and focused back on the road after glancing at the sat nav to make sure they were heading the right way.

The viking looked up at Dem's voice, turning to face the male only to look back at the road so as to sweep his eyes across the scene. The moment he spotted the blonde in the doorway, he swore under his breath with a growl, "Fuck…"

Drumming his fingers on the steering wheel in thought, the blonde pulled over in the next alley and checked the gun tucked in his waistband, "Plan's the same, we deal with Gregor first. If that jackass is out smoking he'll be here a while longer. We'll take the back route and let ourselves in to have a look around." As he shut off the engine, Valentin turned to face both males, "Hannibal won't like having barely any information, it's all or nothing with him and I'd rather not get shot for doing my job incorrectly."

Will looked between both of the with wide eyes, the mood in the car had just dropped and he didn't have a clue what was going on. He looked between Demetrius and the man in the doorway and frowned, "Hey… what's happening? Who is that guy?" Seeing he was getting no reply from his friend he turned to the older male, "Valentin?"

"Never you mind." Dem muttered, climbing out of the car, "Let's just do what we came here to do and then you can use that speed of yours to get us some answers, yeah?"

Val waited until Dem slid from the car to hold Will's face between his hands to meet his eye steadily, "It's just a precaution, okay? Could be nothing, but just in case.. All I need you to know is that Silas works for the big bad we think Chilton has behind him." He stroked his cheek lightly, "I'll be with you every step of the way, in case you need me, but I'm gonna need time alone with his computer to at least open up a backdoor for us later." With a reassuring smile, the blonde pressed a kiss to the sub's forehead, "C'mon, we need to find Gregor before Dem gets antsy and goes off book."

"I…" Will frowned, thinking back on the guy's face, "I reckon I recognise him… think he came round Chilton's a few times to book one or another of the girls for a night. Never showed much interested in me…" He nodded slowly, nerves pooling in his stomach, "You'll stay by me?" The submissive double checked, sliding out of the car, "Well okay then…"

"You two about done?" Demetri sniped nervously, "We got a pig to gut."

Val's face fell a little more at the mention of Silas being around Chilton's place, that meant they were right about Darko being the disgusting pimp's benefactor, "Alright, that needs to be brought up later with Hannibal. He's gonna want every detail you can give him. Anything at all." The blonde male ran his thumb across the sub's lower lip then dipped his head to kiss him softly, "You have my word, I'm right behind you."

Climbing out of the car, Valentin locked up with a push of the fob, cocking his gun as he walked around to stand next to Demetri, tilting his head up with two fingers firmly under his chin, “Mind on the mission; Gregor then infiltration. Ignore the scum around the corner until we’ve completed pest control.” The Swede raised his eyebrows in a ‘comprende’ manner then kissed the muscled male deeply, “You know the plan, go in. Lure him out here, then we’ll jump him. Hann’s already paid off anyone who’d care enough to call the cops.”

Demetri rolled his eyes, allowing himself to be dominated in the kiss before reaching forwards and grabbing his brand new lover roughly by the back of the neck. He pulled him forwards and deepened the kiss into something almost dangerous, taking complete control. He nipped at the older male’s bottom lip before pulling away. Hesitating for only a moment, he did the same to Will before stowing away his gun and stalking into the building.

Will touched his lips, his pupils blown as he looked up at Val with wide eyes, “What the *fuck*?!”

Nearly fifteen minutes passed before Demetri reemurged, his hand in Gregor’s who looked like all his christmas’ had come at once. He was biting his tongue against breaking and killing the disgusting goon with his bare hands as the man droned on and on about all the things he was going to do to him once he got him into the alley way.

The moment Gregor locked eyes with Valentin he froze and tried to bolt but Demitri was too fast for him, in the blink of an eye his gun was lodged firmly underneath the fat man’s many chins, “Ah ah ah…. none of that. Valentin just wants a chat about what happens when you break his shit an’ play with his toys - ain’t that right Val?”

Smirking to himself as he stowed his gun in the back of his jeans, Valentin chuckled, leaning back against the side of the SUV to run a hand through his hair as he watched Demetri’s ass until he was out of sight, “I’ll explain it later, far too complicated to get into. Besides, sorta need permission for what we had in mind. With a wink to Will, Val simply pulled his phone out, typing up a coded message to Hannibal to explain the situation they had stumbled upon and that they’d get as much as they could while they were close by.

Valentin’s eyes never left the door to the speakeasy save to glance at his phone and reply to the boss’ messages, the moment it opened and his lover emerged with Gregor in tow, he switched on his shit eating grin, reclined a little so his elbow rested on the hood of the car, leaving the other free to wiggle his fingers at the goon.

“I’d say it’s a pleasure to see you but…. I’m not one for lying all that much.” Val shrugged, taking slow measured steps to close the gap between them, motioning for Will to follow after him, “You see, it’s like Demetrius said; You’ve broken my *brand* new bed, left your stink all over the top floor of the house and frankly, the worst thing you did wasn’t even to me.” The blonde gave a disappointed face, fingers of one hand curling around the back of Dem’s neck firmly, “You didn’t even please him, not one of you. Shame.”

The Viking kissed the corner of his lover’s mouth before licking his lips playfully, using the distraction to take his gun from the back of his jeans to pistol whip Gregor to the floor, “Little one, come here. Show Gregor what happens when you cross any of us.” He called, arm

slipping around Dem's waist as he turned to face the submissive with a smile - blood spray from the goon's now broken nose, flecked across his pale skin.

Will hesitated only for a minute before following Valentin, he looked down at the fat goon with a barely contained look of complete and utter disgust all over his face, "You fucked that?!" He asked Demetri, eyes wide, "C'mon! Even when I was a whore I had standards! He couldn't pay me enough to make me even consider him." Sighing the ex prostitute walked closer, gripping Val's arm to steady himself as he pressed one heel firmly into Gregor's balls, applying enough pressure to be painful without being excruciating, "Y'know… We have better things to be doing than dealing with you. Important things…" He raised an eyebrow at the smirk on the man's face and increased the pressure on his crown jewels, "I bet you think that just because you were hired by the boss, you're safe? That we can't hurt you because the great Hannibal Lecter would be pissed…" Will nodded as he caught the answer in the man's eyes, "Which would be a fair shout in normal circumstances but here's the thing… Daddy likes very few things… just so happens that Demi and Val are two of those things. Unfortunately for you he also has a very keen sense of smell and your stench bothers him. Should I let you in on another secret?" He kept his food where it was and leaned in close, as though he was gonna kiss the man, "He really doesn't give a fuck about what happens to you, plenty more men exactly like you out there." Suddenly his hand shot out, cracking Gregor directly across the jaw with his knuckle dusters, smirking as he heard the bone crack.

"Show off…" Demetrius muttered, "C'mon Val… do the honours and kill the git so we can get a move on."

Valentin watched Will with an impressed expression, other than their training session he'd never seen Will in action like this, he was ruthless to a point and clearly liked to show off for his audience as well as the victim - just like Hannibal.

With a smirk, he gently eased the sub towards Demetri and pulled his gun from the waistband of his pants as he crouched in front of Gregor with a lopsided smile, "I'd usually say I'm sorry it has to be this way, that business is business and I would do anything to change this. Mostly is a load of bullshit, but this time I can't even pretend to give a shit about a waste of space like you." He shrugged a little, straightening back up with his gun aimed dead centre of the goon's head, after a second he pulled the trigger and covered his face to protect himself from the splatter.

The blonde grinned, kicking the body over on the floor then nodded back the way they'd come, "We need to take the back alley, we're going in through a skylight. Boss says that all the buildings down this way have 'em, either that or roof access and down here no one gives a shit to lock doors. Least of all Darko."

Demetrius nodded, delivering a sharp kick to the corpse as he passed, he grabbed Will's hand and started dragging him in that direction, "You stick with us and you let us look after you, got it? I ain't dealing with the Boss' rage if we let you get hurt. You just… trust me, Brat, you don't know what Darko's like. Silas is bad enough but if Darko's in there… You practically ooze submissive and it would take him about five seconds to put two and two together and realise you belong to Han. The asshole wouldn't think twice about putting a bullet in your skull to send a message. Right, Val?"

Will looked between the two of them with wide, scared eyes as he struggled to keep up with Demetri's frantic stride, "Wait… what?! And I'm going in there why exactly?" He swallowed down his fear, he wanted to make everyone proud but mainly he wanted to return home to his Mistress and Daddy, "I hate you all…" The sub muttered.

Val rolled his eyes, taking a few of his long strides to catch up to Demetri with a sigh, "Hey, hey slow the fuck down. I had a plan, plan was to let you two in, sweep the place for as much info as you can get - layout, guards, the works. While you two were doing that - Will close by to me so as to keep him in one piece - I was going to set up a coded back door in their computer network, for later." The blonde placed a hand on Dem's shoulder to stop him, nodding over to an alley at the end of the row of buildings they'd seen Silas standing outside of, "This way. We'll take the fire escape up and run the roofs, less chance of being seen."

The blonde jumped up to grab a hold of the extendable ladder on the fire escape, pulling it down as quietly as possible then motioned for the other two to go up ahead of him. Valentin pulled his gun, keeping a look out for anyone who might have seen them, "Dem, you first with Will between the two of us, safest place. Three roofs over, stay as low as you can."

Will scowled but nodded, sticking close and following the plan. Less that five minutes later he dropped down into the correct building, looking around.. Outwardly it was decorated in much the same way as Hannibal's base but there was a feeling to the house that made Will instantly uneasy. Han's had always felt like a home, even the lower floors where the heavies played video games and inhaled large amounts of food, so long as everyone toed the line then they were welcomed. It didn't feel that way here.. it felt… dangerous.

Quietly, Will got to work - this was what he was good at, being silent and gathering information. He took in everything he possibly could, storing facts away for later, remaining unseen. That is unto he felt a cold, rough hand grab the scruff of his neck.

"Well, well, well… what do we have here?" A voice sneered, chuckling as Will went limp in his grip, "A little, lost sub… how delightful." The man hadn't yet seen Demetri or Val but Will was in little doubt - this man was Darko and he was screwed.

Val headed straight for the first computer he found, keeping an eye on Will as he scoured the area, "Hey, lay low." He whispered, sitting himself down at a desk and started laying down the coding for a worm to make a backdoor in the system.

The Viking had spent a lot of time with Darko while Hannibal infiltrated his organisation enough to be able to steal Tabitha away and run Darko out of town, Val had been Hann's right hand man for years by that point and after being in that close a proximity, he really didn't want to have a face to face if he could avoid it.

Upon hearing the unmistakable Romanian drawl that Darko had still not managed to Americanise, much to his disappointment, his blue eyes shot up to see where Will was only to realise far too late that he was clearly the one being spoken to. With a silent wave of his hand, the blonde got Dem's attention and used hand signals to talk to him; *Get out there and distract him, I need the time to finish with the computer. You're safe with me, I promise. I just need, five more minutes, ten at the most.*

Demetri nodded shakily, his body frozen as he tried to force himself to move. He hadn't seen Darko for years - not since the man had murdered his father - and he had no wish to see him now. He cared for Will though, almost as deeply as he cared for Val, and he knew better than to disobey a direct order. He had his orders both from Hannibal via text and his lover in person. He trusted Valentin to protect them all.

Jerkily he slipped around the corner, raising an eyebrow, "Long time, no speak asswad." He drawled, his cockiness masking his fear, "Wanna put down the Boss' sub? He doesn't much like it when people touch his things…"

Will twisted in Darko's grasp but all he managed to do was turn so that he was face to face with the must taller man, the hand on the scruff of his neck moving to grip his curls painfully tight, "Fuck off." He hissed, looking up and hawking up a spit wad and letting it fly, hitting Darko's forehead dead centre, "I'm not *yours*." There was something familiar about the man that he couldn't place, it bothered him.

Darko kept his grip on Will, even as another body joined them, he simply chuckled darkly and raised his eyes to the newcomer, "Well, well, if it isn't Demetrius. Hannibal's little lap dog in the flesh, how's everything? It's been what? Seventeen years, give or take?" He laughed, suddenly dropping the submissive to the ground only to tangle his fingers in the back of his curls, "Uh-uh, not so fast. If this one has Lecter's attention, I might want to keep him here with me."

Val half stood up behind the computer desk, just enough to keep an ear out for any real trouble, all the while his fingers furiously typed in the required code for their back door entrance, "Come on, come on.." He muttered to himself, his frustration building that he could just get out there and shoot the bastard in the head.

Darko rounded the submissive, standing over him to consider every detail, "I've seen you before, at Chilton's place… Always cowering in the corner away from my men." The male's eyes travelled over Will's face for a long moment, a flicker of something passing over his features as he wiped the spit from his forehead with a handkerchief, "Tell me, sub. What is your name?"

Demetri's hands itched to pull Darko off Will but he knew better than that - if he moved now both of them would be dead in seconds. Instead he leaned in the doorway, feigning indifference, "Seventeen sounds about right. I've changed a lot… You too. You got old… And you can't pull it off the same way the Boss can."

The submissive yelped as he was thrown to the floor, his body which was already damaged from the attack just days earlier, protesting to the rough treatment. His eyes widened as Darko demanded his name. It was an order, but Will was under no obligation to obey - this man was not his master - on the other hand not obeying could end badly for himself and his family. He chanced a glance at Demetrius who gave one, tense nod, "Will. Will Graham. I'm twenty five and a Leo… Any other stupid ass questions? Of course I fucking avoided your men, they're diseased dogs anyone in their right mind would avoid them!" He was terrified and his mouth was running away with him, where the fuck was Valentin?!

Having finished with the computer and switched it off, Val crept behind the door, his gun pulled and ready to use when he had the opportunity but with Darko moving around as much as he tended to while showing off, it was hard to even see him long enough to estimate a good shot. He cursed himself mentally, listening for extra footsteps signalling they had been rumbled.

Darko pulled Will's hair when he refused to answer him, looking expectantly until he eventually gave up his name and age. The dark look on his face slowly melted into amusement, a long low chuckle which evolved into almost maniacal laughter before he shoved Will away from him, "So this is where you ended up? Hannibal Lecter's bitch, literally, collared and all. I knew that woman would coddle you too much." He spat down at the younger male, putting his foot in the centre of his chest, "No son of mine is going to be a submissive, let alone Lecter's submissive." He turned to look at Demetri up and down, "Leave. Now, and you can keep your head in one piece. I owe you a beating for the age comment too."

Valentin's eyes widened at Darko's words, said so nonchalantly that for a moment he thought he'd misheard him, but he couldn't have. He'd seen enough of the older male's profile to read his lips - he'd heard it alright. Taking the only opening he had, Val rounded the door, aimed directly for the light fitting above Darko and shot it out, plunging the badly lit hall into darkness. Grabbing a hold of Dem's arm in one hand and practically hauling Will to his feet to half carry him, the blonde headed back the way they'd come - they'd seen no men on the way so it was obvious everyone of any real use were posted toward the front of the building on lower floors.

Reaching the correct room, Val grabbed a shelving unit and dragged it as close to the skylight as he could, "Climb, now! We gotta get the fuck away from here and fast." The Viking positioned himself to face the door, gun trained on it, ready to fire until he ran out of bullets if it would keep Demetri and Will safe to escape.

Will snorted, wriggling under the foot that felt like it was crushing his ribs. It hurt, he couldn't breathe, he was barely even focusing on Darko's words, "Oh yeah… properly coddled. Married an asshole then died… sounds about right." He froze as the full weight of Darko's words settled over him, "I.. What? I'm your… what?!"

The next thing he knew everything was dark and then everything was on autopilot as they fled, bullets were flying and he didn't even register climbing down the fire escape and legging it to the car. Soon enough they were all safe and he was rubbing at his chest, thoughts going a mile a minute as he curled in the back seat, completely silent as he stared into space. He'd never known his father, he'd legged it early on, never even known his name. Now he'd found him and… he was psychopath. Quite literally his Daddy's arch enemy. He wasn't quite sure how to process the information.

"*Son*?" Demetrius hissed in the front seat, "He's his fucking son? What the hell, Val? What do we do?! For all we know Hannibal's gonna take that collar and kick him on the street for this!"

Will's head snapped up, eyes wild and terrified, "W-What?!"

Val slammed the door shut on the car and squealed out of the area they'd parked in with his foot all the way down until downtown was very firmly fixed in the rear view mirror before simply putting a hand over Demetrius' mouth to stop him from talking, "Shut up, Demetri. I'm trying to think of a way this doesn't end with all of us getting killed because some asshole followed us home." As soon as he was sure he'd made his point, he took his hand away to slam it on the steering wheel, deliberately weaving between blocks to loose the tail he was sure they didn't have but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"He's not gonna do that, Will. No matter what, Hannibal Lecter stands by family, and you're his family. Have been since the moment he took you in, same went for Tabby." He shot a pointed look at Dem, "Remember Tabby and everything she went through? She was taken in and cared for, same as Will."

Slowing down as they reached a more built up area of town, Valentin glanced around behind them, slowly allowing himself to relax as he finally made the way back to the townhouse, "Hann's gonna be pissed he didn't know this before now and that's if he's even home still." The bonde glanced back at Will, slightly sheepish, "I didn't mean it like that, I mean he thought he knew everything there was to know about Darko, but this.. This is as much a shock to us as it is to you."

Will whimpered, so far past being able to focus on anything but Demetri's words, his head was going crazy. He couldn't imagine any way that the evening could go other than him being alone and cold once again, having no choice but to go crawling back to Chilton and beg for his old room.

Tears leaked down his cheeks and he brought his knees up to his chest, burying his face in his arms and letting out a heart breaking sob. He ached everywhere, he couldn't calm down, he could barely breathe. Will choked as he felt the familiar start of a panic attack creeping up to him, his vision darkening around the edges.

"Great… " Dem sighed, "I broke him…" He rolled his shoulders as they reached the house, "I'll text Han… He's the only one who'll be able to move him right now."

Valentin emergency braked to stop outside the house and shut off the engine to the SUV, immediately jumping into the back seat to rock Will gently, pulling him into his arms and resting his chin on the younger male's curls, "Shhh, it's okay.. You're safe, you're home." He soothed as best he could.

Hannibal shot out of the front door barely a minute later, and climbed into the backseat where Will had recently been sat to wordlessly pull the submissive from the blonde's arms. He pressed a kiss to the top of Will's head, took a deep breath and began to sing softly under his breath in Lithuanian, hoping that each measured breath he took would aid Will in regaining his own breath.

Val looked up at Dem, more pale than he usually was because for the first time in decades, they had no idea how Hannibal would react to the news they had for him. Silently, the blonde communicated to his lover that they'd say nothing until Will was calm and they knew Tabitha to be elsewhere.

Will wrapped himself around Hannibal like a limpet, letting his Daddy's scent and voice calm him, he sobbed harder when Han called it 'home', what if that wasn't the case for long? "M'sorry…" He sobbed, brokenly, "I'm so sorry, I d-didn't…. I didn't know… Please don't… Dem said… please don't throw me a-away. I c-can't… can't go back to Ch-Chilton… Please…"

Demetrius cleared his throat, "We… have a lot to talk about. Where's Tab?"

Hannibal just looked at the submissive in confusion, "What on earth has brought this on? I'd never send you back there, ever. You hear me? You're family and that is never going to change." He sighed, pulling Will closer and rubbing a hand over his back, displaying his bloodied knuckles to both men.

"Tabitha and I had a disagreement, she's not home yet after our failed lunch." He half shrugged a little, "We have a *lot* to talk about." Hannibal nodded to Demetri, "Clear out the men in the front room, tell them it's an order and anyone left in there will be shot on sight."

Val ran a hand through his hair trying to work out exactly how many different ways Hannibal's lunch with Tabby could have ended with bloodied knuckles and none of them were any better than the last.

Demetri sighed as he dragged Valentin into the house to do as they were told, "C'mon… he texted me when we were in the house, said he was going to tell Tab everything. 'Course that was before he knew that there was way more to tell." He looked at Valentin uncertainly, "Did you really mean what you told Will? Do you think the Boss'll want to keep him after this? He has that bastard's blood and… Will Tabby want him around? I'm not sure I would if I were her…"

Ten minutes later the room was clear and Will was still clutching Hannibal like a lifeline, knuckles white as he finally just about managed to get control of his breathing.

"So…" Dem sighed, "On our way to sort Gregor out we spotted Silas… so we broke in. Will was looking around and… next thing we knew Darko had him by the scruff of his neck." He looked at his lover for help, "I went to distract him but Will was running his mouth off which pissed him off… spat on the asshole and everything."

Valentin groaned as he was dragged out of the car, instead of clearing out the living room in a civil way he simply walked in with his gun raised and dared anyone to argue about being kicked out. Throwing himself down across the couch, Val rubbed his face tiredly and lifted his gaze to meet his lover's, "When have I ever lied to a sobbing submissive in all the time you've known me. Tab loves him, Hann too. Regardless of his blood, he's family. You know as well as I do that family doesn't necessarily mean blood." He sighed softly, hoping to god that he was right about this.

Hannibal sat himself down in an armchair with Will in his lap, fingers of one hand stroking over his white knuckles and the other hand rubbing soothing patterns up and down the sub's spine, "All of which I already know, I'd like to know why my submissive is having a panic attack when you were both there to keep him safe."

“Darko said some things… Things that if I hadn’t seen and heard it myself I’d have thought were a lie.” Val took a fortifying breath then continued, “He’s Will’s father, of all things. Tabitha’s going to react the same way, I can tell.”

The mob boss sat blinking at the man he considered a brother for a long moment, the silence stretching out for longer than comfortable before he slowly tilted up Will’s chin to kiss him softly, “Sweet Will, if you knew half the things he’s done, you’d know this is the least surprising thing I’ve heard.” He whispered, brushing tears from the sub’s cheeks, “You are home, with us and you’re safe. He can’t have you or your mistress. You’re *mine*.”

“I didn’t… didn’t know.” Will whispered weakly, “He left when I was… so tiny. And Mom used to get so angry if I tried to bring him up.” He whimpered softly into the kiss, finally calming to the point where he was only trembling a little, “He… He said… that ‘no son of his was gonna be a sub’.” The submissive shuddered harshly, that wasn’t something he could help, “He wanted me to stay there with him and then… Dem said… he said you’d probably take my collar and kick me onto the street and I… I c-can’t…”

Demetrius had the good grace to look a little ashamed but held his hands up in surrender, “Hey! Now be fair, Boss… You would have done in the past. If you didn’t love him so much you wouldn’t think twice. This is gonna bring a shit storm right to our door. Darko’s gonna want the kid back, just to piss you off and Tabitha… what’s she gonna say?”

Hannibal shot a look at Demetri before rolling his eyes and pulling his submissive tighter against him, “Hey, hey, you listen to me, William.” He stated firmly, although his voice didn’t raise at all, “You are my submissive, just as Tabitha is mine as well. Darko can believe that he has rights to the both of you as much as he wants, it’s not going to happen.” He tangled his hand in the younger male’s curls, “You will never have to be out on the street, you belong here. With us.”

Val lightly smacked Dem around the head before tugging him down on the couch where he was stretched out, “Why do I get the feeling that whatever happened at lunch was more than a domestic dispute?”

“Darko sent Charlie over to see us, well.. I say see us. He demanded his property back, at first I assumed he meant Tabby but clearly he wants both of my lovers.” Hannibal’s voice grew colder as he glared over Will’s head out of the window, “Over my dead body will I ever let that happen.”

Will nodded, clutched Hannibal’s shirt as he finally allowed himself to calm down. He trusted Hannibal, if Hannibal said that he was his then he believed him, “I can’t help that I’m a sub…” Will whispered, “And it’s nothing to do with him what I am or who I’m with. He lost any right to control my life when he walked out and let me be raised by the alcoholic thug that Mom married.”

Demetri nodded sharply, “He’ll have to get through us Will… for both of you. Tabby ain’t his no more and you’re not either. Talking of which…” He hesitated, sharing a glance with Val, “Hann… we had a… question. How would you feel about… combining relationships. Not one of us has any interest in sleeping around… but… well let’s face it, we’re all attracted to each other. The five of us together… that could be interesting.”

“Don’t care… you’re all sexy.” Will sniffled, “I’ll happily belong to all of you… ‘cept Demetri, I’ll be with him but he’s not in charge of me, that’s just weird.” He sighed miserably, “I want Mistress…” Now that his Daddy had calmed him down he just wanted to curl up with his Mistress, she always made him feel loved, he pulled out his phone and sent her a simple text begging her to come home.

Still rubbing soothing circles over the sub’s back, Hannibal nodded, gently pushing back Will’s curls to see his brilliant blue eyes, “He has no claim on either of you, I’ve told him before and I’ll more than likely tell him again before I take his fucking head off.” He said simply, focusing his attention on Demetri to listen to his suggestion.

Val rolled his eyes, clearly thinking this wasn’t the best time to bring this up in the slightest but seeing as the cat had been let out of the bag, he saw no reason in staying quiet, “Look, boss, it’s been a fuck for all in the penthouse for years. Dem and Tab fuck every so often, you let me fuck Tab when I’m home and we like to flip sometime.” He looked up, blue eyes meeting rich brow with flecks of maroon and red as his hands clasped together on his knees and the blonde lent forward, a position of placing all his cards on the table, “We’re just thinking, make it slightly more official than that, no more goons for any of us. I’m sure your nose will thank us for that.”

Hannibal’s face was an unreadable mask for a long while, eventually he relaxed back in his seat, fingers running through his submissive’s curls as a slow smirk curled his lips up, “You only had to ask. Tabitha and I have always been open, if this is what you wish then I’m all for it if she is. Although you’ll have to allow her her indiscretions; she likes to test her girls out.”

“Speaking of, if she’s not home yet she’s probably at the manor house checking over her books.” Valentin shrugged a little, watching Will pull his phone out, “If anyone can get her back it’ll be the little one.”

“Let’s just hope she’s not as mad as she was, I still didn’t get the chance to tell her myself. She’s probably plotting my murder.” Hannibal chuckled, the sound faltering for a second when he realised that she was more than capable of doing the deed if she was still as furious as she had been.

“She’s coming but she sounds pissed…” Will mumbled, stowing his phone away and sighing, “She’s gonna be even more angry once she gets here. I think we all need to have a serious talk, I know there’s stuff you haven’t told me about Darko and there’s stuff Tab doesn’t know. We all need to know everything if we’re going to take him down.”

Demetri beamed, leaning into Val and throwing his legs over his laps, “I think this is going to be the start of a beautiful new relationship.”

Hannibal nodded slowly, running his free hand through his grey hair, “I can’t say I’m surprised. I did half beat Charlie to death before her words really sank in.” He cleared his throat, looking at his submissive, “We’ll come clean then, once and for all.”

Valentin gently squeezed his lover's thigh, gently nudging him with a chuckle, "Yeah well, that's if we all survive Tabitha's wrath. I'm not sure if that's going to happen."

Five minutes later, Tabitha strode through the front door and slammed it closed behind her to stand in the doorway of the front room, legs shoulder width apart and arms crossed over her chest angrily. The female swept her gaze over the males in the room, barely lingering on Hannibal before her eyebrow arched expectantly, "Well, I'm here. What is it?"

Hann gently eased Will from his lap to get to his feet, taking a few cautious steps toward his wife, hands remaining at his sides, "I know you are mad, sweetheart and you have *every* right to be. But I was just about to tell you, I wanted to be sure that it was really him before you knew."

"There was no point in stressing you out until we knew the ins and outs of his being here." Val piped up from the couch, "Before you try to murder your husband and create a power vacuum in the city, I think your submissive needs you for comfort."

Tabby rolled her eyes at Hannibal but she could tell he was being honest, she always knew when he lied to her and this wasn't that. Instead of voicing that fact, she simply side stepped him to sit in his vacated seat, pulling Will against her to kiss the top of his head, "What happened, baby?"

Will buried is face in Tabitha's chest, inhaling her scent and letting it comfort him. He nuzzled her the lump in his throat preventing him from telling her what had happened that evening. He just shook his head helplessly, he was so confused, he'd woken up that morning not knowing who his father was and now…

Demetrius cleared his throat, "H-Hey, Tab…" He said carefully, looking at her like a lioness who was ready to strike, "So… I know you've have a pretty shit day and you're probably pretty damn pissed at all of us right now but… well trust me you ain't heard nothing yet." Demi looked at Will, uncharacteristically sympathetic, "You want me to tell her, Brat?" At getting Will's nod, Dem gripped his lovers hand and blurted it out, wincing as he waited for the explosion, "We… found Darko's lair… went in to gather intel… He grabbed Will, roughed him up a bit and got his name and age out of him. Long story short… Turns out *our* Will is also… also *Darko's* Will. He's his son. Surprise?" He finished weakly.

Hannibal let out a long sigh as the female ignored him, he was used to getting the cold shoulder but the act was usually rare and few between. Walking around the room to stand behind the couch, he watched as his wife was delivered the news he had no idea how she'd handle.

Tabby furrowed her brow, pulling Will tighter to her when he couldn't bring himself to answer her, she turned her head to face Dem when he spoke up, a slight flicker of amusement crossing her expression when she realised just how scared of her he was. Tabitha's reaction was slow, several emotions crossed her face before she settled on comforting, choosing to lift the submissive's head up with two fingers under his chin, ignoring the tears building in her eyes and the lump forming in her throat, "That's not your fault, Will.. You think we wouldn't love you because of where you come from? That's ridiculous, I came from the same place as

you, except he wasn't my father." She half shrugged, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand,.

"Now, I suggest we talk everything out. From what we've heard so far, your lunch wasn't all that successful. Not including the interruption." Val held his hands up in surrender at the glare he was shot, "Look, Tab, we get it as much as we possibly can. Some of us where here when you arrived, some of us saw what happened." He added quietly, looking down at his and Demetri's linked hands, "But you gotta know we did what we thought was best for you. Hannibal did this *for* you."

Tabitha's expression darkened and the blonde knew he'd made a fatal mistake, but a moment later the female's glare had settled on her husband prompting Val to push Demetrius forward to grab Will if she were to fly to her feet as he was growing to expect her to.

Will tensed, sensing the danger, and crawled into Tabitha's lap, draping himself over his Mistress and kissing away her tears, "Stop." He begged softly, "If we start fighting between us then it's just giving him what he wants. He wants to tear us a part… We need to stick strong so he can't win. Now… Tell me everything." He rolled his eyes as they all hesitated, "I know I'm a sub but I''m not weak and I *need* to know."

An hour later, everyone knew everything and Will was practically vibrating with rage. It was one thing for these things to happen to him, he was used to it, he grew up for it, but for someone to treat his Mistress like that? No. Not happening. Never again. Not while he was around.

"So." He said carefully, now sat bolt upright in his own seat, spine rigid, "Way I see it there is only one, clear cut way to start to bring Darko down with minimum casualties. You're all smart, you've all already thought of it and dismissed it. I'm putting it back on the table." The sub tilted his head at Demetri, knowing his friend would be the easiest to convince, "What do you think?"

"I think… It could work." Demetri sighed honestly, "But… I'm not sure I like it."

Will shrugged, "It'll grow on you." He rubbed the back of his neck, "Darko's not going to give in until he gets either me or Mistress - we know that. Taking Darko down isn't going to be easy, it's going to take time. The first thing we need to do is to thin out his ranks. Silas needs to go, so does Charlie but most of all… Chilton. Chilton's an idiot but he's powerful, he has eyes all over this city so as long as Darko has him in his back pocket we will never get that step ahead that we need to be, so we need to destroy him. And what's the best way to destroy him? With a plant. I've always been the bastards weakness…So we give him me. Once Chilton gets wind of the fact Darko is my father he'll want me even more so that he has that leverage, Darko will feel better once I'm back in chains, making use of a stupid, submissive in the only way we're good for. They'll let their guard down and I can take Chilton out.. He'll underestimate me and that gives us our in. You all know it's the best plan we have."

Tabitha sat in the armchair with Will draped across her lap, leaning her weight against Hannibal who sat on the arm next to her, she shook her head vehemently against the

plan, “No, no. You can’t do that, I won’t let you go back to him. Chilton could do *anything* to get back at Darko, that’s too much of a risk to you. I won’t allow it.”

Hannibal pursed his lips as Tabby ranted, waiting until she stopped to place a hand on her shoulder, “Tabby… As much as i hate the idea, it’s the best one we have. The *only* one we have.” He gave the female’s shoulder a squeeze only to sigh deeply when she shook it off to pace the length of the room, her mind working a mile a minute.

Val glanced up at Tabitha, eyes tracking her every movement, he could practically see the cogs whirring in her head, “Tabs, think about it. Whatever your planning, it’s gonna be a long game, as Will said. We need something quick and straight to the point, cut one of the heads off and we take a large chunk of his territory right under his nose. That’s a big knock for someone who’s not expecting it, and why would he?”

“The best time to strike is soon, while he thinks he has us rattled with this news.” Hannibal supplied, still wary that Tabitha had a gun on her and had told him she wouldn’t miss him another time.

The redheaded female stopped mid pace to face the males in the room, fury burning behind her eyes but her body language screamed reluctant defeat at the entire situation, “I guess it’s four against one, majority rules as always.” she sighed, rubbing her forehead in annoyance, “Fine, but before we hand him over, we party. Lecter style.”

Val’s eyes lit up at the mention of a party, “Do you mean what I think you mean?” The tall male practically vibrated in his seat, “Are you taking us to Ravenstag Manor?”

“You’re going to have to make it good.” Demetrius muttered, still ill at ease with the plan, cut his collar off an kick him to the curb in front of Chilton, make out like you’re disgusted that his Dad’s Darko, that you think he’s been plotting against you from the start.”

Will couldn’t help the whine that left his lips at the thought of his collar being destroyed but he quickly shook it off, “We can do this. I did it for years, I can do it again.” He said simply, his voice shaking slightly as the looked to Valentin, “We’re going where?”

Hannibal’s fingers slipped over Will’s collar at the mention of it, “Then… That’s what we’ll have to do. And we’ll replace it the moment you’re back, before, even.” He raised both his brows at his wife before surrendering to her compromise, “Okay, we enjoy being together for the night, then we stage the plan at the club. Best place to make sure everyone working for Chilton will see it.”

Tabitha offered Hann a small smile from where she stood before addressing the sub softly, “You don’t have to worry about it today. Tomorrow the plan goes down, we’ve got tonight. No point panicking for the next few hours.”

Val nodded, his smile morphing into a shit eating grin, “Mistress has a few hidden talents.. One of those being that she owns the most prestigious whorehouse in the state; not that she likes it when we call it that.” He added at the glare he felt burning into his head, “Ravenstag Manor is the best of the best, somewhere the rich and seriously kinky can go to get off.”

“It’s more of a gentleman’s club, but it’s also so much more.” Hannibal purred, allowing his finger to slip down the top of Will’s spine, “Besides, it’s where the tattoo studio is. I want to mark this one permanently as mine, somewhere Chilton won’t see until it’s far too late.” He looked up at the two males on the couch, smirking at the thought of marking them at the same time, “You two should have your stamp too, it’s only fair.”

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